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Angelica had always been a diva. As far as she was concerned, she was prime pussy material and, as such, should be pampered and treated like a queen. Her husband just hadn't been able to grasp this. Sure, he tried. He really did, but nothing was ever enough for Angelica. Especially "trying." It took a lot to satisfy her, even more to make her happy, which can be hard work for any man. To be sure, he loved his wife, but he knew he just wasn't man enough to take care of her properly; finally, he was able to accept this fact and gave her her freedom, with the best

of wishes.



























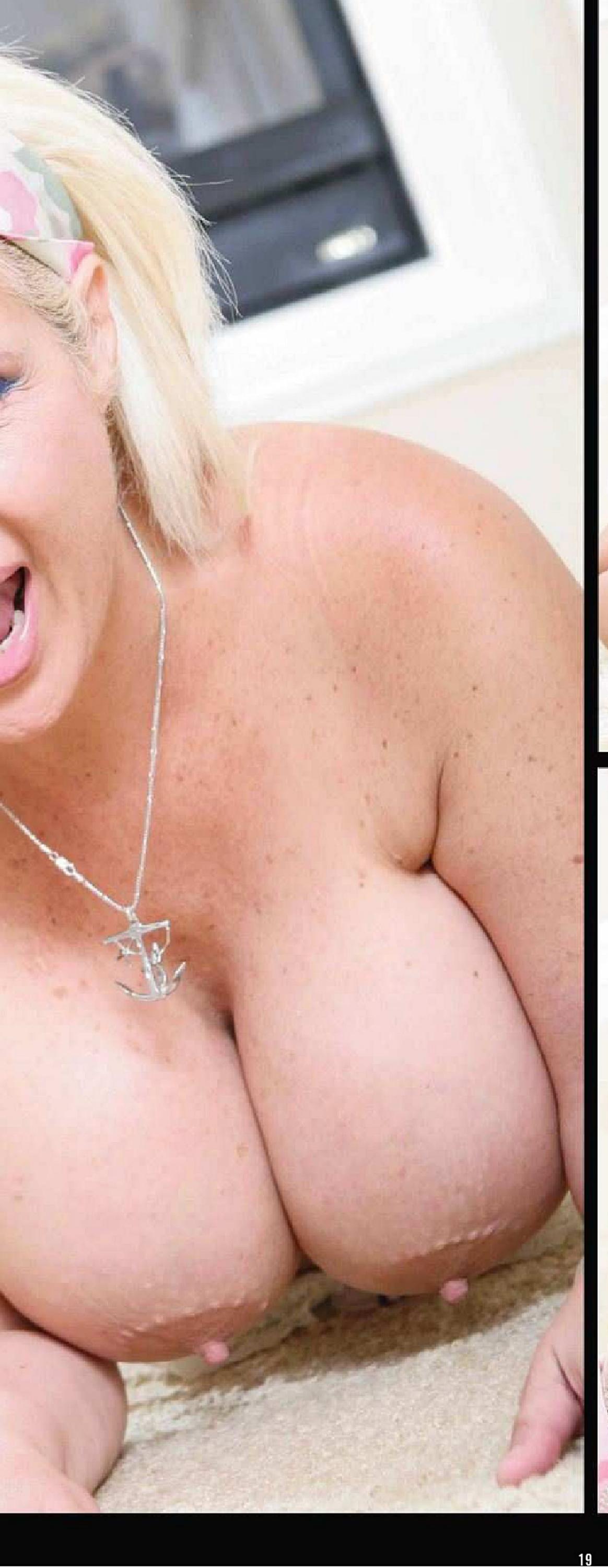
A Fine Age

As you can tell, back in the day, Kayla had been quite the looker. A sexy, curvy blonde looker, with all the right moves and all the right predilections. It's not as though age has marred her looks or made her less appealing. In fact, if you listen to some of her former lovers, her younger self can't hold a candle to her current incarnation. Her tastes are more developed, more lascivious, and her boundaries nonexistent. At this point, she figures she has nothing to lose, so why not be the dirty slut she's always wanted to be? She's still got the itch...





































Just look at her; Lexi is prime material. Everything you could want in a woman. She's gorgeous, she's hot, and best of all, she's pretty much up for anything. See, bitter divorces usually do this to women like Lexi. She thought she had it all: the perfect house, the perfect husband, the perfect 30-year plan. She learned all too late that her "perfect" life was so very, very far from perfect. It was a charade, a front, all to maintain her husband's untarnished persona. Why it had taken her 30 years to realize he was a fucking bastard, she hadn't a clue. It's not as though he'd ever been the material of fantasies, but he was, at least, consistent, or so she thoughts. Turns out, he'd been living a lie and she'd been a fool to trust him, definitely a fool to have loved him.



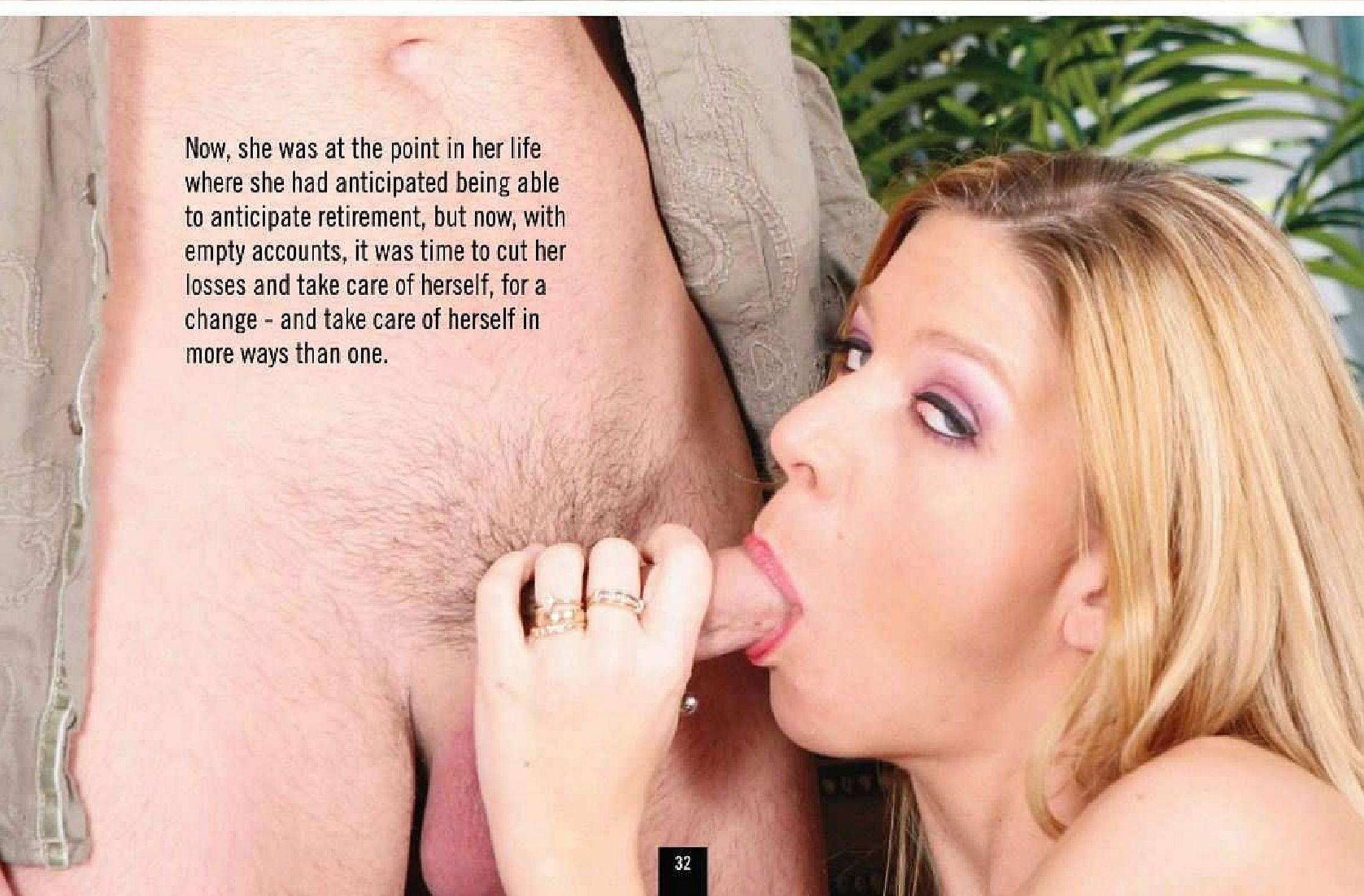










































If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

Tony and I were lounging on the edge of his backyard pool, our legs dangling into the warm, sparkling water, watching our wives toss a beachball back and forth in the shallow end. When he suddenly slapped a big, hairy hand down on my bare thigh and barked, "You ever think about swapping?"

I stared at the guy. He was fifty, squat and swarthy and balding — a guy! "What!? I like women! I'm not into-"

He laughed, squeezing my leg. "Not me, bright eyes. My wife." He jerked a thumb Melinda's way, down at the other end of the pool.

The small, silky brunette was wearing a bright blue bikini, her olive skin gleaming under the sun, shoulder-length hair shining. Her plentiful boobs bounced up and down with my eyes, as she batted the beachball to and fro with my wife — my wife! I licked my lips and croaked, "C'mon, Tony. Quit kidding-"

"Hey, sweetheart!" the guy yelled at his wife, catching the lecherous look in my eye before matrimonial fear had replaced it. "Come over here a minute!"

Melinda smiled softly and dove into the water, started stroking her way towards us.

"Whoa! Hold on a minute, Tony. I only-"

Melinda glided in between my legs, her husband giving her the okay sign with a stubby finger and thumb. The woman's smooth, wet hands slid up my splayed thighs, her head bobbing close to the



DOYOUTAKE MYWIFE...

obvious swollen attraction arising my skintight swim trunks.

And then my shaking arms almost gave out behind me, as the velvety babe drifted a warm hand onto my hard-on and squeezed. "I've always hoped we would become more than just friends, Howard," she breathed, gazing up at me with her smoldering brown eyes, stroking my dick with her smoldering brown hand.

I gaped down at her, her hand; then jerked my head up and stared at her husband, my wife. Leigh-Anne was still standing in the shallow end of the pool, clutching the beachball to her chest, watching another woman openly fondle her husband's cock — suck on her husband's cock!

Melinda pulled my swimsuit down and my erection up and into her mouth. I bucked, the babe's luscious mouth pouring all over my cock. I must've subconsciously wanted it, welcomed it, because I'd arched my ass off the pool apron so Melinda could draw my trunks down and my dick out.

She engulfed my prick almost right

to the tingling balls, then pulled up, plunged down, sucking on my throbber, her elbows and hands resting on my thighs, keeping her buoyant between my trembling legs. I groaned and stared at my wife. The lithe, lanky blonde was out of the water and walking over to us, her tanned skin glistening, her upthrust tits shuddering in her green bikini top, her green eyes locked on me getting hoovered by Tony's wife.

I didn't know what was going to happen.

I sure as hell didn't expect what did happen.

Tony climbed to his feet and shoved his trunks down. And Leigh-Anne dropped to her knees and sucked the guy's thick schlong right into her mouth, grasping and squeezing his hairy nut sac. My wife was blowing another man right in front of me, while that man's wife blew me right in front of him!

The other thing blown was my mind.

Melinda bobbed up and down in my lap, wet-vaccing my towering dong. While Leigh-Anne bobbed her blonde head back and forth on Tony's cock, giving the groaning, grasping guy one hellacious hummer. I knew just how skilled my wife was at sucking cock, and Tony's wife was even better.

My buddy popped his prick out of Leigh-Anne's mouth and pushed her down onto all-fours by the edge of the pool. Then he squatted in behind and pulled her bikini bottom to one side, stuck his fat sausage into her pussy. Leigh-Anne moaned, staring at me.

I reacted, not thinking about the consequences anymore, boiling with lust.

I helped Melinda out of the pool and she faced down my wife on all-fours.

She wiggled her plush, rounded bottom at me, and I tore her bikini away and speared my cock into her slick, pink quim, staring straight into Leigh-Anne's



wide eyes.

Tony and I fucked each other's wives, out in the open by the pool in front of everyone involved. Leigh-Anne whimpered and bit her lip — sounds and gestures of pleasure I knew so well — her sun-bronzed body rocking to Tony's grunted thrusts, her breasts shivering. I slammed into Melinda, bouncing my thighs off the dripping beauty's rippling ripe butt cheeks, cleaving her juicy pussy with my cock. She urged me on with her moans.

Tony growled, spasmed, digging into my wife with his fingers and prick, pumping her full of his steaming load. I

fast-fucked his wife. Then groaned, and jerked, spunking hot and heavy inside Melinda, over and over. I think the wives came, too.

Leigh-Anne confessed to me that she and Tony had gotten the swap started a day earlier, when Tony had fucked her in our bedroom while Melinda watched. That way, she said, I didn't have to worry about her being angry, when Melinda had come on to me.

- Josh Canton



Rhyse had always been a high-maintenance bitch. She'd always had the best, and the best was what she craved. It was what she knew and she would accept nothing less. This made it difficult for her to keep men in her life. At first, they might seem good, but the more she got to know them, the less satisfactory they became. Perhaps it was simply because she wasn't used to repetition. She'd always been used to the chase, and just because the chase had been going on for 30 years didn't mean that it wasn't any less real. It never failed to make her excited. Some women just never learn...































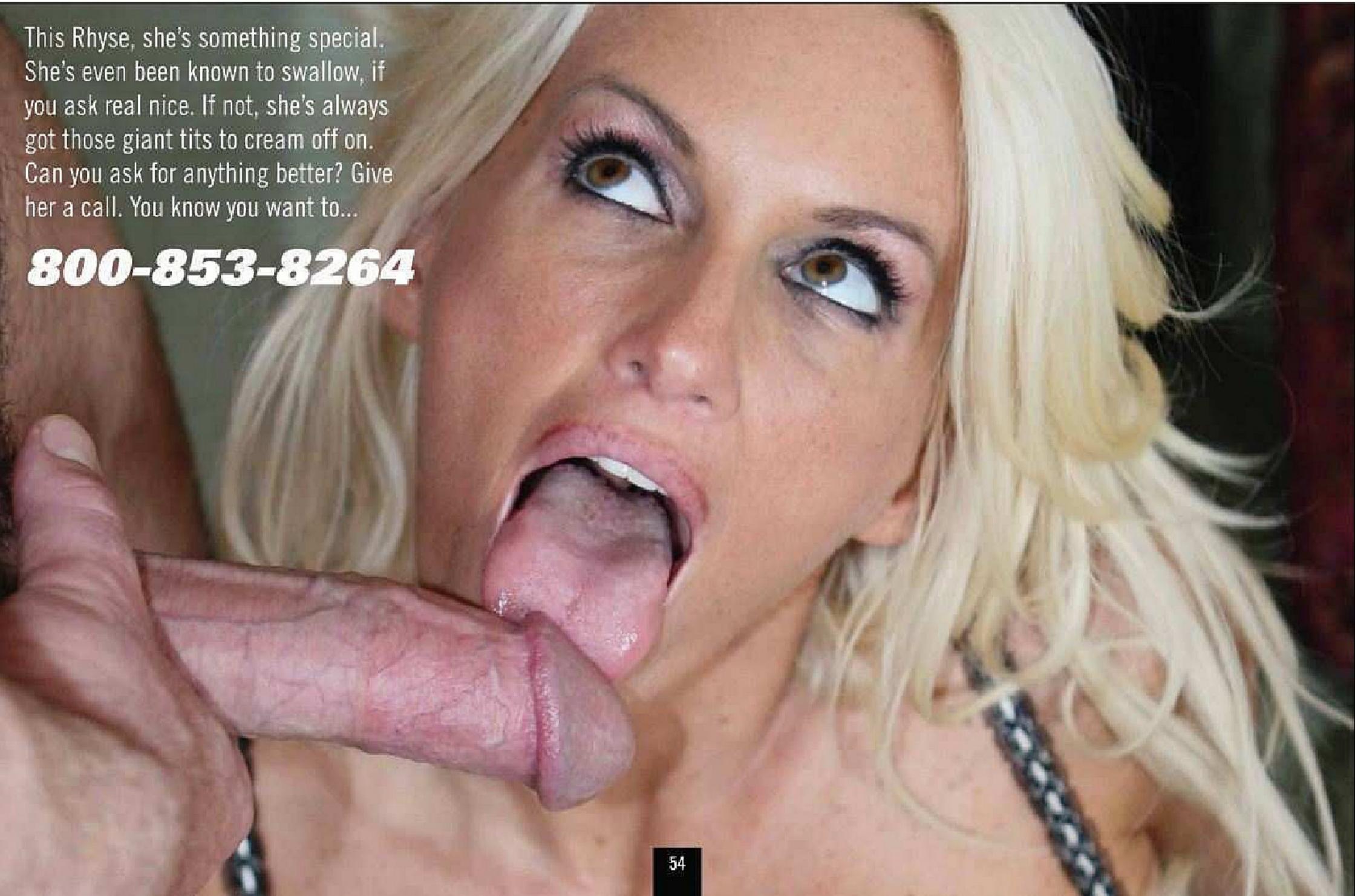
















Lynn had been trailer-trash for just about as long as she could take. True, she knew she couldn't say that she had a college degree, but she knew she'd made it in the classroom of hard knocks. She'd had her first baby at 18, her second at 19, and they just seemed to keep coming, until, finally, she figured 5 was more than enough, and drastic measures had to be taken. See, fucking was something Lynn simply wouldn't give up. Sure, she knew she needed to play it safe, especially since she'd started sliding down the other side of the hill. Not that she'd lost her drive.

































Savannah had been a wild child from the beginning. She'd always been rebellious. Her fiance had known this, yet, he still chose to marry her. Bad choice. Well, for him, that is. Savannah didn't mean to be a bad wife,; she just had these strange notions she couldn't shake. She'd always had these strange urges, these itches, which she hadn't felt like she could really satisfy. Even her fiance couldn't seem to keep her sated. 25 years later, she was no happier. She was more resigned, but no happier. To be honest, she did try. It wasn't as if she wasn't trying to be difficult... for fuck's sake, she just wanted to get off on a man's cock. Something she'd rarely been able to do.











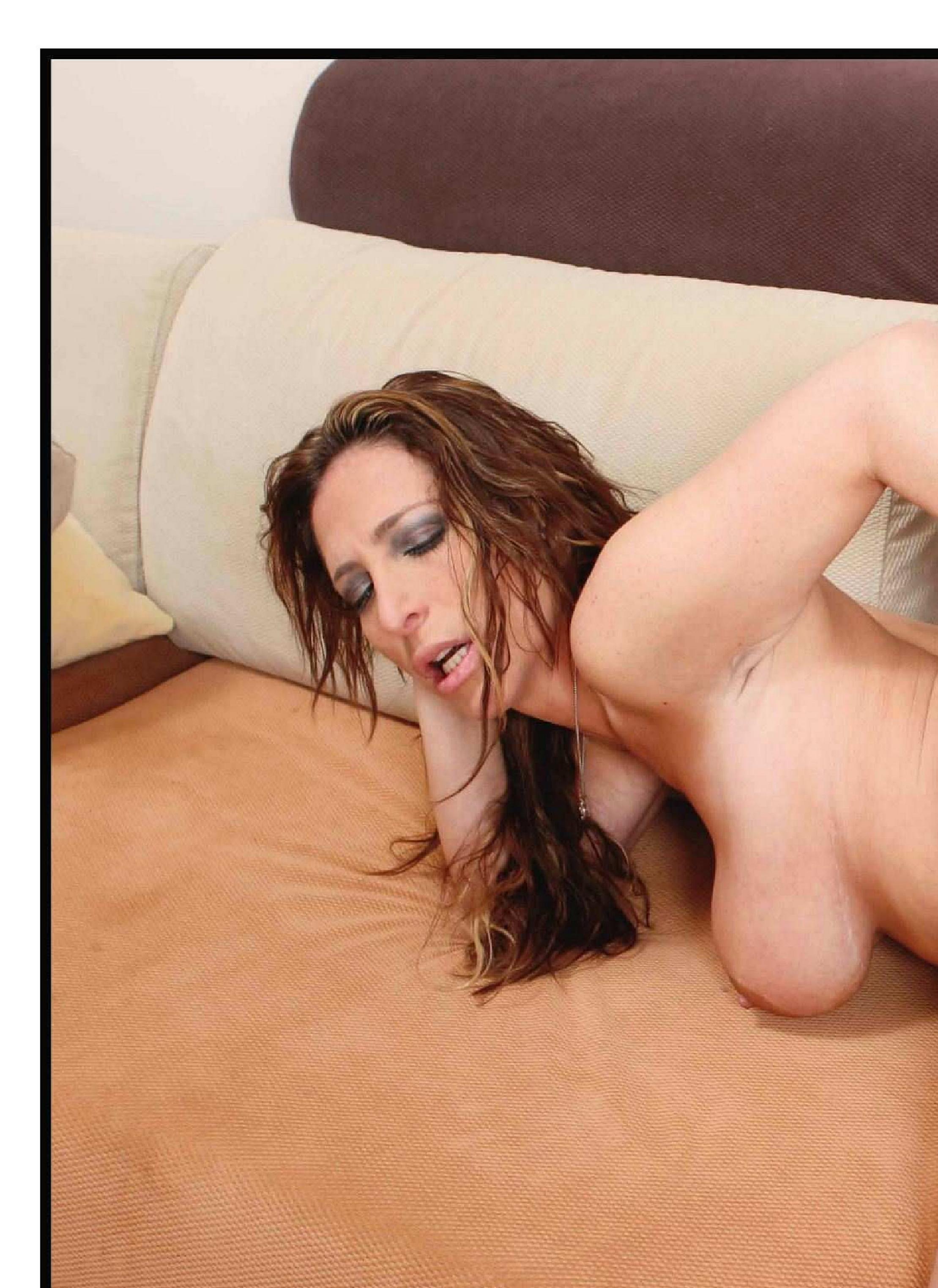


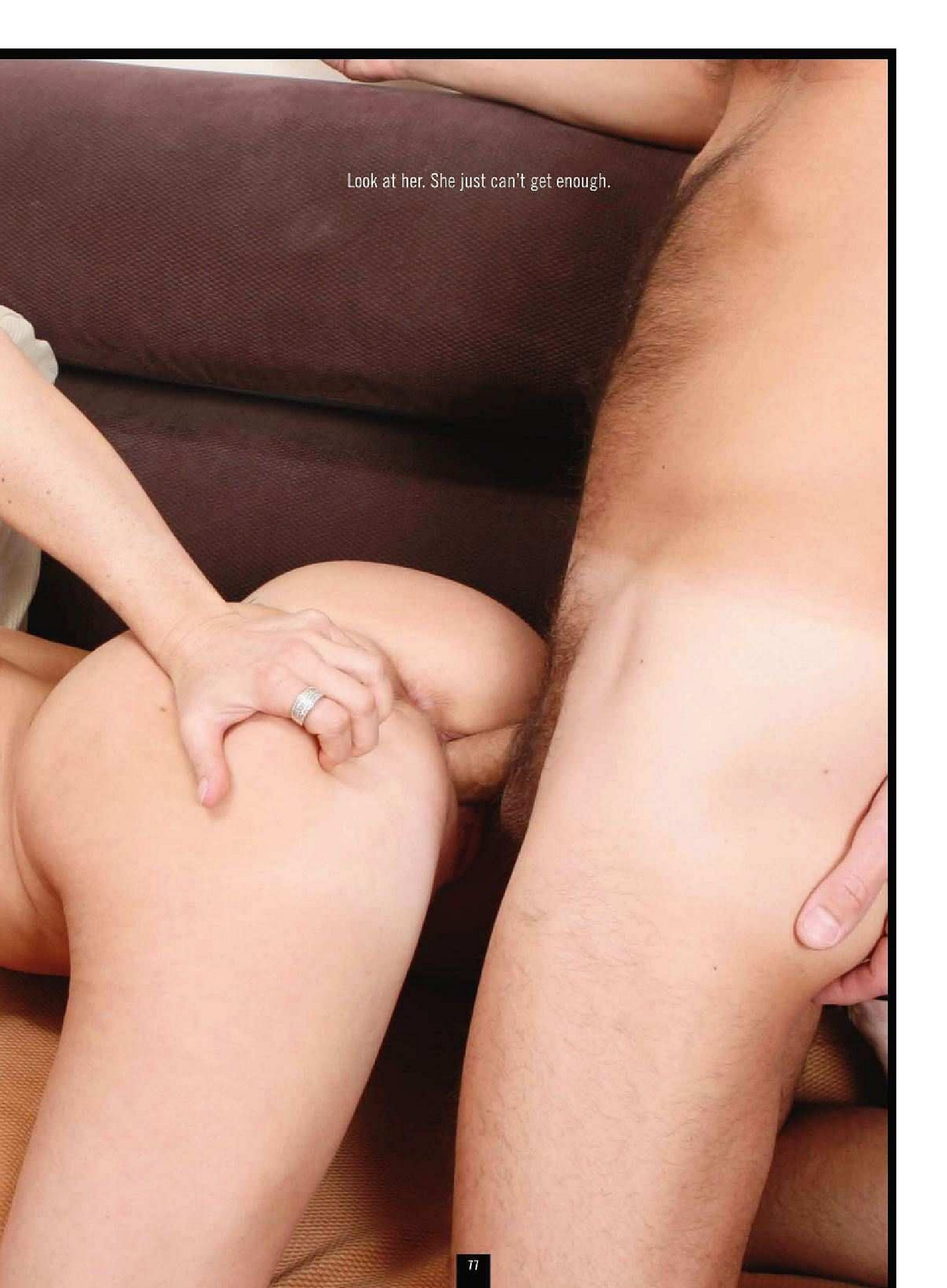






























































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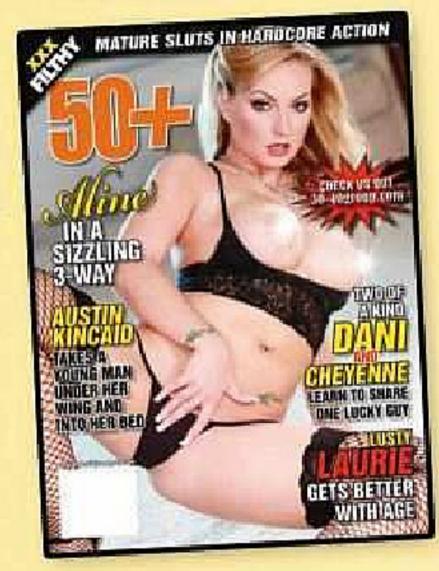


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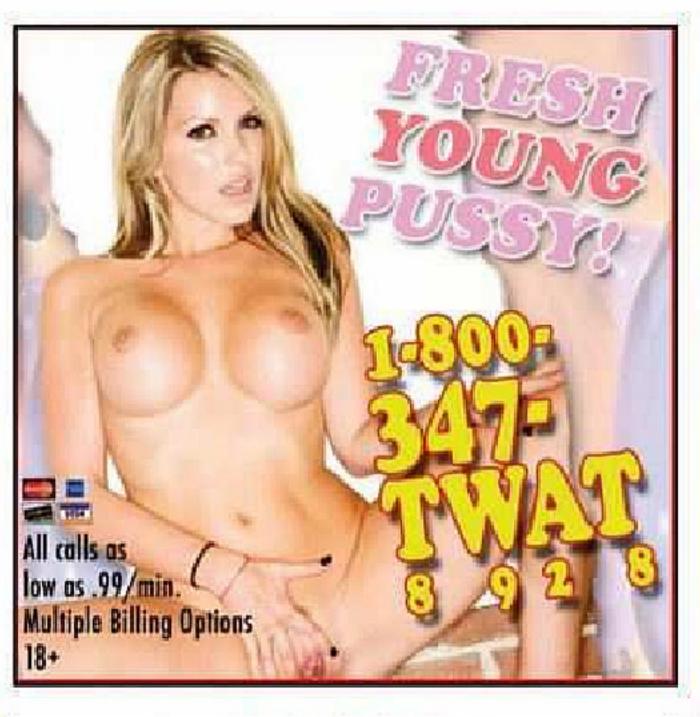


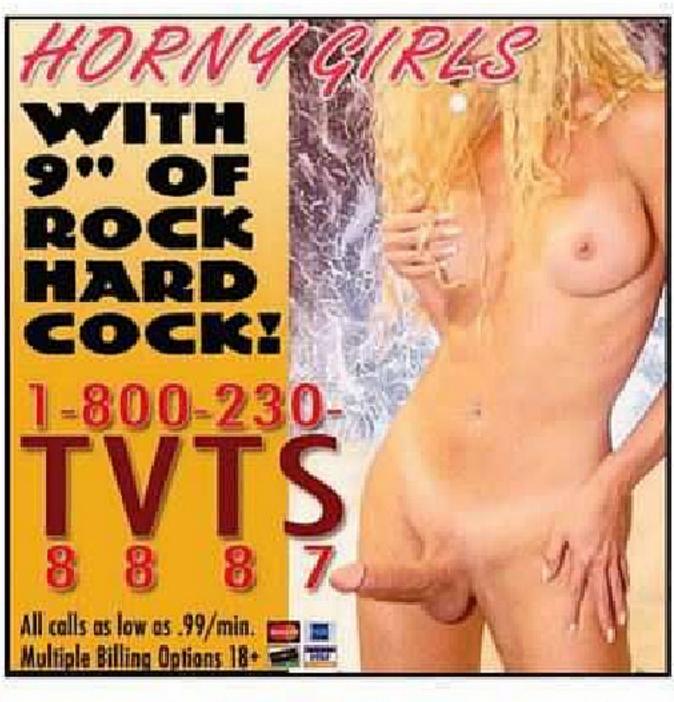




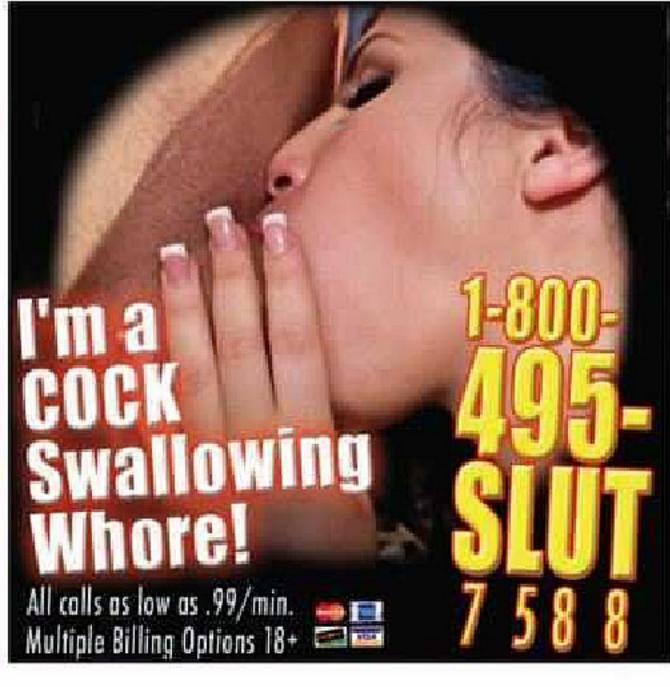












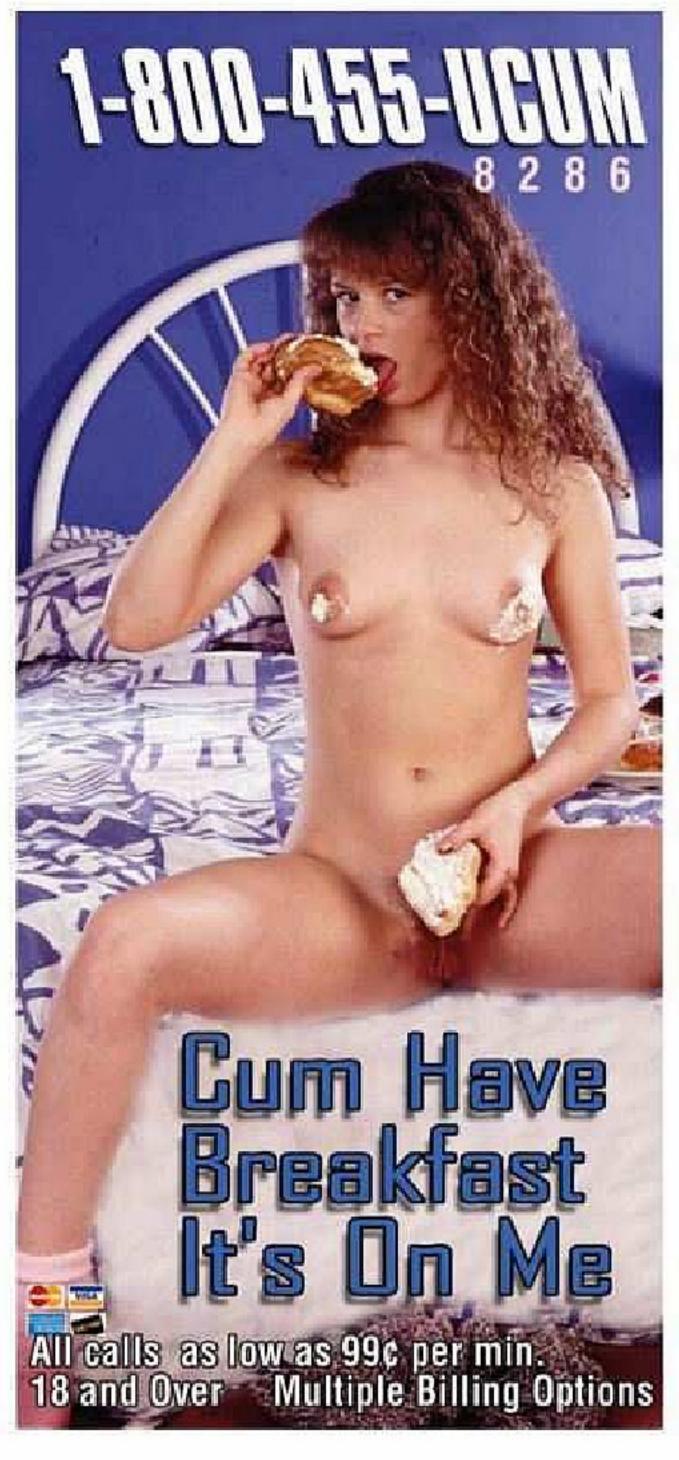












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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong— I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

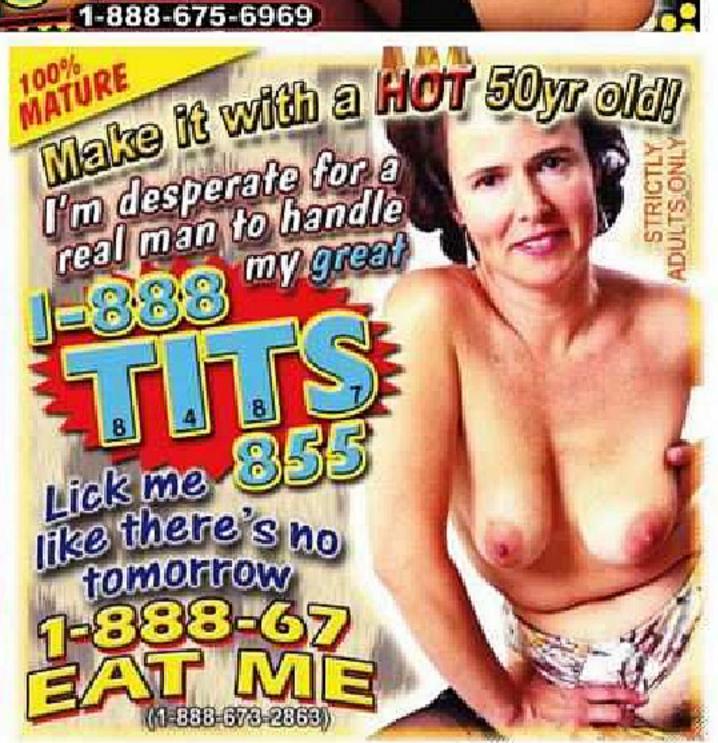
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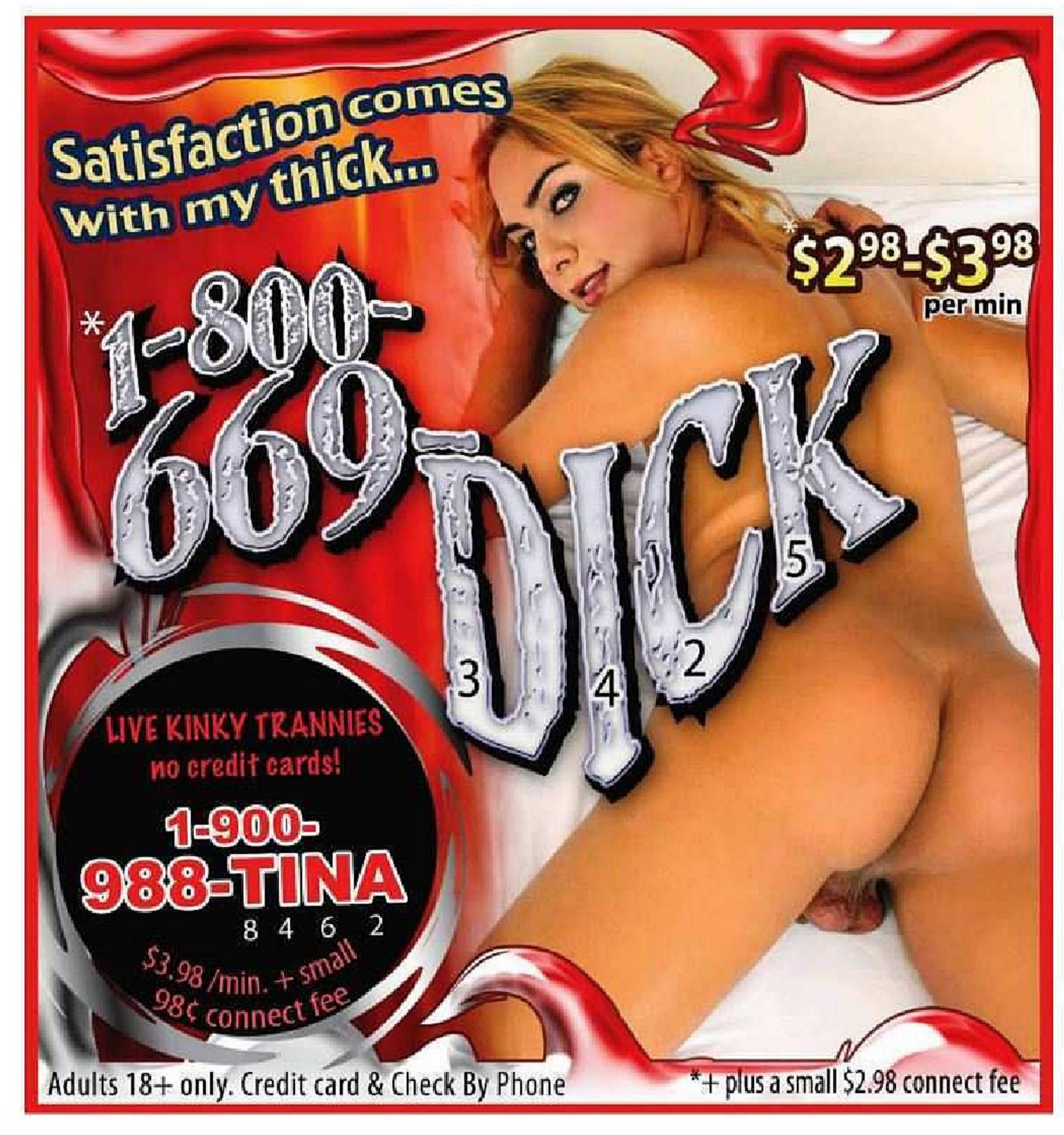
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Erotic Tales and Letters

Words To Get You Off

MEET THE FUCKER

I wanted to meet my girlfriend's mother like the Ayatollah wants to meet the Pope. I was just fucking the chick for kicks, until my real bitch got out of the joint. But she insisted, going down on my hairy nuts and ass to convince me. She's a whiner that way, always wanting to get her own way.

"This is Darwin," Trudy said, introducing me. "My very special friend." She batted her eyelashes at me like she was fanning her pussy.

I grunted, talking up the chick. "She's a good lay, Mom."

Trudy went all drama queen, shrieking, "What a thing to say to my own mother! You promised to behave yourself!"

She stormed off up the stairs of the house. Like I was supposed to chase after her ass or something. Fat fucking chance.

"What's to eat?" I asked her mother.

Lynda stared at me. She looked almost exactly like her cry-baby daughter — long, dark hair, big brown eyes, a pale, sort of square-shaped face, and a small, compact body. She had a few more wrinkles around her glaring eyes and tight-lipped mouth. And a bigger and better-looking rack.

She shared her daughter's attitude, though. "What a crude thing to say," she whined, looking at my dirty white shirt and greasy black jeans with contempt.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm only fucking your daughter. Don't worry about me marrying the bitch."

Lynda shot out her right hand, trying to crack me one across the stubbled chops. But I grabbed her wrist just in time, held on. Grabbed her other raised arm and pulled the angry broad against my chest. Her tits sunk home, hot and huge and heaving, braless under the black wool dress. I smacked her split-open lips with my lips.

The woman's eyes went from burning to smoldering, as I chewed on her mouth. As she felt my dick harden against her stomach. I pulled my head back, letting her breathe, stared at the snow-white cleavage plunging the front of her dress.

She'd started the physical stuff. And she took it to the next level, gulping air into her impressive lungs and shooting her head up and plastering her mouth against mine. She pressed her body in tighter, tonguing my tongue, tits billowing into my chest. This MILF wanted it bad, long time between fucks since her old man croaked, my guess.

We could hear Trudy sobbing away up in her old bedroom. So I slid my grimy hands down Lynda's curved back and onto her mounded butt cheeks, clutched the thick pair, lifted the panting woman up by the ass and hauled her off into the living room.

I set her down, skinned her dress up and off. The horny broad was totally naked under the body-hugging dress. Her tits flopped out, big and white and blueveined, tipped by fat, deep-red nipples. The jugs hung low, laden. I hefted them, fed nipple into my mouth.

"Oh, God! Yes!" Lynda screamed, as I sunk my teeth into a swollen jutter and stretched the rubbery cap out another half-inch or so.

I crushed her lush milkers in my sweaty hands, slapping the flared nipples around with my tongue, sucking hard on them. But she was supposed to be there to entertain me. So I shoved her down to her knees and pulled my dick out of my jeans, stuck it in her flushed face.

She immediately grabbed onto my dong and swirled her hand up and down the veiny shaft, cupped and squeezed my wrinkly balls with her other hand. Her hands were warm and damp, soft and knowing.

Her mouth was hotter, wetter. I stabbed my full-blown cock between her trem-

bling lips and deep into her velvet maw.

Her daughter gave good head. Lynda gave great head. Maybe it was experience, or desperation. Either way, the MILF gripped my hips with her claws and fucking vacuumed my prong, throwing her head back and forth, sucking wildly, silky black hair flying. She stared up at me, nostrils gasping, as I helped her inhale and polish pipe right down to the balls, pumping my hips and fucking her face.

I had to rip my boiling dong out of her greedy mouth and whack her nose with the bloated tip, before I shot off too early. Then I clenched my hairy nuts into one big ball and let her suck on that for awhile. She mouthed my entire sack, her tongue snaking around almost right up my ass crack. Bitch needed fucking, in the worst way.

Jerking her to her feet by the tits, I

"Yes, Darwin!" she hissed, hooking her legs around my waist, lifting her mound up to my cock. "Fuck me like you fuck my daughter, you dirty, filthy, stinking animal!"

"Fuck you think I'm gonna do, Mom?"

The busty bitch was just as bossy as her daughter.

I rammed my cap through her fur and lips and sank shaft deep into her tunnel. She groaned and grabbed up her jugs, squeezed them, rolling her head around on the table.

The broad was fucking molten inside. I gripped her fleshy thighs and shunted cock in and out of her steaming twat. Her convulsing cunt muscles sucked on my prong, pussy fur stroking my plunging shaft, cushioning my banging balls. I



looked around for a place to really pump her. I plugged two fingers into her slit as I studied the layout, going three knuckles deep. Her cunt was old-school hairy, old school juicy. I spotted the dining room table and steered her towards it with my fingers hooked up her twat.

The table was set with plates and glasses and flowers and shit. I cleared it with one hard pull on the white tablecloth, sent the hard-breathing woman sprawling onto her back up on top made her tits and the table shake, rippling her ass cheeks, slamming the bitch.

She arched, screamed loud enough to blow the roof right off, hotter, deeper juices bathing my pistoning dong. I fucked her fast and furious, then grunted, blew the MILF's twat full of sizzling jizz.

She sucked my dripping cock completely dry with her mouth, gulping the last of my sperm as I twisted her hair into knots. She made me promise not to tell Trudy. So now I got two cunts to service.

-Darwin Crawford







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